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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

Do not keep company with any one. It may surprise thee as an enemy sometimes, but let it not lodge with thee as a friend.—Archbishop Leighton.

BUNCOMBE BILLS.
Two bills have been introduced in Congress which give us the sense of painful regret, because their authors are Southern men.

The one is a bill by Senator McLaughlin, of Mississippi, to provide for the issuance of United States Treasury notes against 70 per cent. of the value of any cotton which might be deposited in duly designated government depositories.

Why should the Senator have offered such an absurd bill? He knew when he offered it that it would not be taken seriously. Would he have offered a bill to provide for the issuance of United States Treasury notes against 70 per cent. of the value of coal, or iron, or imperishable manufactured products which might be stored in government depositories? But if cotton should be made a basis of government currency, why not coal and iron and all other raw or manufactured products of intrinsic value? Senator McLaughlin's bill is but the revival of the government warehouse plan that was proposed some fifteen years ago, and which soon fell into ridicule. It is greatly to be regretted, we repeat, that this popular measure should have been resurrected by a Southern Senator.

The other bill is by Representative Clark, of Florida, providing for the sale of the Philippine Islands to Japan, or some other foreign power willing to reimburse the United States for the original cost and expenditures incurred in maintaining them, or on such terms as the President may prescribe.

The President is required in the measure to open negotiations with the people of the Philippines, Japan, or some other power, giving the people of the islands the preference for the sale.

This bill should be styled "a bill to sell an obligation," for such it is, and there is no escape. If the Philippine Islands were merely so much public land, they would be a proper subject for barter and sale. But they are inhabited by millions of human beings, who are our wards, by the act of the United States and without any choice on their part. We have pledged ourselves to be a friendly guardian, to help them to improve their condition and to instruct them in the art of self-government. It is a difficult task, but it is a self-assumed task and an obligation which we cannot in honor, and which we dare not, shrink. To sell the Philippines like so many cattle to a foreign power would be a cowardly breach of trust which would disgrace us as a nation.

STATE AND LOCAL TAXATION.

In reply to our "message to Lynchburg," the News of that city asks:

"Suppose our contemporary's view, as indicated by its question, should find expression in legislation, would it not follow that the State funds devoted to the educational system of Virginia might suffer grave depletion—thus increasing the burden of local educational expenditures?"

We have already said that if the State should exempt personal property from taxation for State purposes, and require each county and city to pay its own criminal expenses, there would be a net decrease in the revenues of the State approximating \$300,000. From this would be deducted the cost of assessing personal property, handling the fund, and the book-keeping involved. And if the State would then assess all lands according to the rule of the Constitution, we believe that its gain in income from real estate would offset its net loss from personal property. As it is, the assessments for 1907 show an increase of \$11,000,000 over those of 1906, upon which our estimates are based. Besides, the tax on railroads is increasing every year, and pension payments will decrease in the natural order of things.

It may be replied that our plan would increase the burden on real estate to the relief of personalty. Not at all. Real estate is not assessed too high in any section of the State, but in many sections it is assessed too low, and there can be no injustice in assessing all real estate by the uniform rule of the Constitution. As for personalty, it would not be exempt, for it would still be taxed for local purposes according to the necessities of the case. Two-thirds of the cities

and nearly nine-tenths of the counties would actually save money by the plan we propose. The city of Lynchburg, for example, would save nearly \$20,000 a year. The only objection to the plan, so far as we can discover, is that in some of the cities and counties the criminal expenses are greater than the amount paid the State from taxes on personal property. But in most of them the loss would be trifling; and a good plan, if it is good, should not be allowed to fail because of the few exceptions.

We believe in local administration of local affairs, with as little interference as possible from the State. We believe it would be beneficial and less expensive for each county and city to defray its own criminal expenses. We believe it would be better to separate as far as possible local taxation from State taxation. The framers of the Constitution were of the same opinion, for they provided in the tax ordinance that "nothing in this Constitution shall prevent the General Assembly, after January 1, 1913, from segregating, for the purposes of taxation, the several kinds or classes of property, so as to specify and determine upon what subjects State taxes and upon what subjects local taxes may be levied."

CONGRATULATIONS TO LYNCHBURG.
Lynchburg is now the third city in the State, and The Times-Dispatch offers its congratulations to that thriving and important municipality. It is most gratifying to note that the Board of Supervisors of Campbell county will not appeal from the decision of the court in the matter of annexation, and therefore that both parties will be spared the expense of futile litigation. In the case of Richmond, it was not so. Long pressed in and cramped by boundaries utterly incommensurate with its population, Richmond was harassed and hampered at every turn by open foes and secret enemies in her efforts to expand. Lynchburg has been more fortunate, and for the good of her own inhabitants and those of Campbell county as well, The Times-Dispatch hopes that enough territory has been acquired to meet the present and reasonable future needs of Lynchburg's growing population.

There are many opinions as to what it is, in the meaning of the law, to "personally pay" one's poll-tax. We are quite sure, however, that it does not mean that the tax must be paid "in person" in order to entitle a citizen to vote. That term was proposed when the subject was under discussion in the Constitutional Convention, but was rejected, and the term "personally pay" substituted.

Dr. A. J. McKelway will address the people of Richmond at Sanger Hall this afternoon at 5 o'clock on the national child labor movement. It is a subject in which our people should be deeply interested, and we hope that the distinguished speaker will have a large and representative audience.

The Houston Post's admission that the Old Virginia sausage is "a really fair article" is magnificent testimony that we have not lived in vain. Not one of our contemporaries has yet succeeded in wringing so handsome an endorsement of any non-Texas article whatsoever from the brazen and vainglorious boaster of Buffalo Bayou.

The writer in a current woman's magazine who takes a good deal of space to tell how a family of Virginia beauties "secured" their famous handsome necks "completely misses the point. Not only are all women in Virginia beauties, but they are all superbly equipped with necks in infancy. The celebrated Virginia neck is born, not made."

A Texas carpenter, now laboring in Newport, has been arrested for saying that he is in love with Mrs. Gladys Stovall N. C.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

"Up Guards and At Them!"—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, Waterloo, June 18, 1815.

No more striking instance of the extraordinary military genius of the first Napoleon was recorded in history than his appearance at Waterloo, less than four months from the time of his escape from Elba, at the head of a French army of 120,000 men. So soon as the information reached England that he was once more in France, the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command of an Anglo-Belgian army which was to be rapidly assembled in Belgium. Prussia also sent its forces, under Marshal Blucher, to the point of danger in the Belgian territory, and it was all Europe against Napoleon.

It was the intention of the allies to take the aggressive and to invade France, with Paris as the objective point. But Napoleon's marvelous celerity was too quick for Wellington and Blucher. Not only did the Emperor, in his last bold effort to sustain his dynasty, raise the French army to 225,000 effective, but he also strengthened the defenses of Paris, he supplied his frontier fortresses with provisions, he fortified the passes of the Jura, the Vosges and the Argonne, and on the 16th of June 1815, he was ready to give battle near the plain of Waterloo to the allied forces under Wellington and Blucher.

Wellington had an army of 106,000 men, with 190 guns. The Prussian allies numbered 117,000 men, with 300 guns. More than a quarter of

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Vanderbilt. We are no apologists for Texas. But it does seem a little unfair to put an American citizen in jail for the same language that netted an Austrian count \$12,000,000.

"The Democratic presidential boom ought to make a successful fly," says the Jacksonville Times-Union. "It will be turned loose in Denver, 6,000 miles above sea-level." The fearful height of the coast of living has evidently dazed our contemporary's usually accurate brain.

It is impossible to say definitely at this time which party will win the next presidential election, but should observers around here at not hesitating to offer pretty to-be odds on the probabilities against the Prunelovers.

The Old Virginia Rear-Admirals are the boldest and most resourceful on earth. When time hangs heavy on their hands during a cruise to the Pacific they always go down in the hold and read the powder magazines.

We note with interest that a prominent knitting-mill is now advertising a full line of paragon's union suits. Members are urged to accept no substitute.

Secretary Cortelyou denies that he is a candidate, but does not go so far as to say that his boom ought to go right on the shelf beside predecessor Leslie M. Shaw's.

Many Christmas must pass, however, before old Georgians can really get used to keeping the hog from clamping right on to the eggs.

Mr. Roosevelt's renunciations probably make a far better hit with the Annapolis Club than his denunciations used to.

Now it should be the daily prayer of Senator Jeffries Davis to become as cultured and refined as Benj. B. Tillman.

"Cartridges are used as current coin in Abyssinia," says the Milltown Banner. A man must find it a cinch to discharge his debts in that currency.

The Atlanta Constitution speaks of Georgia's "inimitable water powers." They better had be.

There are 270 active volcanoes in the world, not counting Davis of Arkansas.

"The cost of living is lower," says the Portland Oregonian. Than what?

"Tote." Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Almost since the establishment of "The Times" and after its consolidation with "The Dispatch," I have read the newspaper closely and with much interest and pleasure. In the issue of this date your leading editorial is devoted to some comments on the use of the old Saxon word "tote." The word is of African origin, introduced into our language by Southern slaves, Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," uses it in "Canterbury Tales" in the sense of carrying on the back.

READER.

Stovall N. C.

A million of the best-trained soldiers of Europe thus faced the "common enemy" on that fateful morn, and when the sun went down on Waterloo, as the night of June 18, the French empire had received its deathblow.

This last day of the battle of Waterloo began at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and it continued with varying results to the contestants until 7 o'clock in the evening, when Wellington gave his famous order. The prompt execution of Wellington's command began the rout of the French forces and it settled the fate of Napoleon.

Alison, the English historian of acknowledged correctness, in his description of the battle of Waterloo in the fourth volume, has it that Wellington said, "Up, guards, and at them!"

Rhymes for To-Day
THE PENITENTIAL BALLAD OF GERTY CORTUNATE


WHEN I was barely 21, I met a girl named Gerty—she whose love was strong—my certie, one to love you up a tree: And by some dabolical ill luck that love iddled.

Soon fastened like a follice upon poor helpless me. The thing was unfortunate, for Gerty (surnamed Cortunate) Was ardent and importunate and would not let me go.

And I must needs keep parrying her coaxing and her harringing With this: "I ain't a marrying young party. Try next door."

But still she kept on beating me and making eyes and showing me I remained a batch;

And oft she'd sigh: "Oh, debtor one, You need an hellress one—fetter one."

And where'll you find a better one? I'm shy—but don't you catch?"

Ah, well, the end is tragical—Gerty's ways grew so hyetragical I trapped her, deck and magical, and hid her put in jail:

The trick, hap, was a dirty one, but I was only 31— Too young to tie to Gerty, one whose mind was sure to fail.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.
Experiences in a Sleeping Car.

"Light, if you sit along ridin' in them sleepin' cars when you took you a trip? Simp: 'Got along all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots and 'n' bring 'em back.'"

The Indianapolis Star.

The Hope of the Race.
"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation. It is going to make athletic men and women of our puny offspring and lengthen our days by decades."

"But our ancestors didn't go in for golf?" "And where are they now? Dead! All dead!"—New York Times.

Moments of History.
Shy, "If you sit along ridin' in them sleepin' cars when you took you a trip? Simp: 'Got along all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots and 'n' bring 'em back.'"

The Indianapolis Star.

Then As Now.
The Knight Errant: "My vocation in life, boy, is to right wrong."

"John, do you love?" "Yes, I do." "To whom?" "To a girl named Gerty."

"Why you always love me?" "Yes, I do." "To whom?" "To a girl named Gerty."

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HOPES TO SUE STATE HAVE PROHIBITION
Governor Glenn Declares This Shall Be Done During His Term If He Can Accomplish It.

COURT COMPLETES WORK
[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
RALPHIGH, N. C., December 18.—Governor Glenn was the principal speaker again last night at a prohibition mass-meeting held at Tabernacle Baptist Church, and a declaration he made in the midst of a spirited peroration, to the effect that, if his most earnest efforts could accomplish it, North Carolina should have State prohibition before he retires from the governorship, has started afresh speculation as to the probability of the Governor's asking the special session of the General Assembly, in the event it is called to adjust the railroad rate situation, to pass a State prohibition bill. This, it is argued, is the only way State prohibition could be brought about during the term of Governor Glenn, since his retires from office just a few days after the next regular session of the Legislature convenes.

The Governor last night also appealed for a sweeping victory for prohibition December 21st, promising that if this were only done he would carry the fight directly to Winston, Salisbury and Wilmington. Interest in the matter of State prohibition by the ex-Governor's speech was greatly stimulated, strongly, since it is the general conviction that there will be a special session for the railroad rate compromise.

Many Cases Decided.
The North Carolina Supreme Court completed the work of its term this morning and adjourned sine die. Opinions were delivered in fourteen cases as follows: White vs. New Bern, Carven county, new trial; State vs. Seaboard, Air Line, Cary, Franklin county, new trial; Beck vs. Southern Railway, Rowan county, new trial; Tuttle vs. Tuttle, Transylvania, partial new trial; Bowen vs. Harris, Transylvania county, new trial; Davis vs. Rexford, Buncombe county, error; McIntyre vs. Asheville, affirmed; Cowan vs. Cunningham and Ward, Swain county, affirmed; Ogdon vs. Land Company, Cherokee county, affirmed; Frazier vs. Cherokee Indians, affirmed; Norris vs. Indian Company, Wake county, affirmed; Horton vs. Telephone Company, Cleveland county, new trial; Shelton vs. Moody, Haywood county, error.

The spring term of the court will convene on the first Monday in February, the day being added to the examination of applicants for license to practice law.

Hog-Killing Day.
Yesterday was "hog-killing" day at the Soldiers' Home, and 3,700 pounds of meat was put away.

Two rural libraries were authorized by the State Board of Superintendence of Public Instruction to-day for Surry county.

J. J. Powell, an old soldier from Caswell county, died at the Soldiers' Home this morning, aged seventy-five years.

Commissioner of the State Board of Public Instruction to-day for Surry county.

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Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Gaudy Flame," etc.
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Chapter XV.—Continued.
"A cold spread, I suppose," said Jack. "But what about some hot soup to begin with? Griggs ask for the hot soup, sir. Shall I get two estimates—with the soup, and without it?"
And day by day the luncheon had waxed in importance and pomp. Now all was settled: the host would not be shamed by a beggarly board. It was to be a hot luncheon with cold regalia, to be done in tip-top style by Bob Drake, of the White Hart, at 4 shillings a head for 250 head certain: i. e., 150 down anyhow, and per capita for "chance" thereafter. Jack, of course, would also count heads himself, and check Bob's counting. Jack would also count bottles, and guard them, and give them out, etc. Bob was not doing the wine.

"Will you, sir," asked Jack one day, "will you change your mind and give them champagne after all?"
"I have told you I won't."
"I know, sir; but Griggs go on worrying me about it. They say it's all right, and it's always champagne. They had it at their Honeymoon sale when the lots went off like hot cakes."
How can a host, wishing his party to be a success, decline to give advice of party experts? It was plain that Jack believed in the efficacy of champagne, although he was loath to lead his patron into unnecessary expense.

"Of course," he said, "one can get good champagne brandies, really, and yet quite good enough—all froth and sparkle, you know. There was an excellent wine we used in our militia—for race-meetings—Jodeler. That was the name—not more than forty bob a dozen—Jodeler, come."
However, it was discovered that Jodeler was now extinct. This good wine had been permitted to vanish from wine merchants' lists, no more was Jodeler procurable. But in a later brand, Rosecrantz, had come to the front—even better than vanished Jodeler. Rosecrantz, Jack found, was in all respects suitable to the occasion. Authorized by Mr. Crunden he ordered large quantities of Rosecrantz, and he now always spoke of the coming event as "Champagne Day."

"Champagne Day will soon be here now, Pricey-plee. We are going to give them fizz, and they are going to get it. Don't let me hear of it. It was perhaps unfortunate for Jack that, while busily making arrangements for this great Saturday, he should have been drawn into association with some of his old companions. He was compelled often to go to the White Hart, strictly on business, for interviews with his caterer, Bob Drake; and here in the old haunt he met the old leading friends. Here, from Mr. Dridworthy, Charles Padfield, etc., he heard a lot about the "Merry Girls" dinner, and was implored to be of the dinner.

The "Merry Girls" Company was about to pay its tenth return flying visit to the Soldiers' Home, and its winning performance by this talented troupe on the day of the sale; and their staunch admirers had decided to give the loved artist a dinner at the White Hart between the shows. It was a splendid affair, and the favorite—was no longer in the company, but her place had been taken by Miss Fay Flinders, who was as good, if not better, "quite all right." "Fay will be here, Jack; we shall all be here, and you must come, Jack, you really must—just to show you're alive, and aren't quite out of your mind." But Jack said no; he could not accept any other engagement for Champagne Day.

Then, as Mrs. Price would have expected, he was overpersuaded. Padfield, Ridgworth and others, putting their stout heads together, arrived at the conclusion that old Jack really wanted to come, but, poor beggar, could not afford the treat, and with blundering generosity they offered to relieve him of his share in the bill. "We do want you, Jack—and we'll pay your shot for you. We'll put you on the same footing as the 'Merry Girls' themselves."
Jack flushed, and said: "Thanks. I'll pay my own shot. Yes, I'll try to come—and I'll stand the wine for the lot of you. I'll send it in, and you must arrange with Drake about corkage."

At the moment, it seemed the right thing to say and to do—the only way of asserting his new dignity as a workman—a money-earning man, he must show the old gang that he did not need their patronage or pity; and in the most lordly manner he sat down at Miss Granger's desk in the bar parlor and wrote to London ordering on his own account another three dozen of Rosecrantz, to be dispatched to the White Hart. He knew he had done wrong afterwards—immediately afterwards as he hurried back to his work. He knew that it was desperately wrong. It would postpone for several weeks the payment of his debt to Crunden; it was his first false step, first breakdown in his new career. He knew now that he had been a silly ass, but at the moment it seemed impossible to be anything else.

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